

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Couper*



A LAST LOOK AT THE OLD HOME.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XI.—LEAVING THE OLD HOME.

IT was deep midnight before the squire's mansion was clear of the invaders. There was then no use in giving the alarm, or attempting anything for the captain's deliverance; he was far on his way to Long Island Sound by that time, as the capturers in-

tended he should be, and there was nothing for it but to wait for the dawn of another day.

The supper at the Elms was late, and almost silently discussed in parlour and kitchen; the different lights in which the event of the evening appeared to the household and its head, made a prudent reserve the general policy. "If I had got half-an-hour's warning they should have had a hot reception," was the only remark Delamere made regarding his recent visitors. Constance would have reminded him of the

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overwhelming number—she knew her father had a soldier's spirit, and could not bear the thought of being defeated without striking a blow—but the subject was a hard one for her to speak of. It was a positive relief to have got rid of the captain and his suit, though the process was rather summary; but it grieved the true-hearted girl that her father should have been treated with such indignity in his own house, and that Sydney Archdale should have been leader in the business. After-reflection made it plain to her that the young Minute Man had acted for the best, and in the meantime Hannah Armstrong, though she said not a word to the squire, put the case in the clearest light, when, in her concluding grace, she gave thanks that though armed men had been permitted to enter their dwelling, neither strife nor bloodshed had thereby come to pass.

The squire was early astir next morning, riding to Fort Frederick, and arousing the few that remained of the captain's company to avenge the wrongs of their abducted chief by bringing the perpetrators to justice. They were not fired to vengeance. Devereux was just the man whom they as well as the country-side could spare. But they were considerably astonished; the thing had been so quickly and quietly done that the news of it took everybody by surprise, and the only sign or intimation heard of in the whole neighbourhood, was, that late-sitting and early-rising people on the river's banks had seen a boat with a number of men—none could say how many on board—steering down the Connecticut with all the speed that well-ply'd oars and a seaward current could give it.

"For certain," said Lieutenant Gray, when their inquiries had made out that report, "it was the captain's passage-boat. I hope he is safe in New York by this time. You see the masked man was as good as his word. By the way, squire, I have observed that your New England men commonly keep promises of that kind; but as for having the law of the said gentleman and his following, we might as well expect to get it of as many wild cats. Who could find or identify the Green Mountain Boys in their native wilds? I have had a taste or two of their quality. Take a friend's advice, squire, and let them alone." The country justice before whom Delamere laid informations against the invaders of his house indorsed the Lieutenant's opinion, and ultimately the squire could not help entertaining it himself. He wrote a full account of the transaction to Governor Gage, and the governor replied in a letter of high laudation to him, and great fury against the Green Mountain Boys. He would send a regiment to be quartered on the country people, whether the magistrates allowed it or not; he would have Fort Frederick rebuilt and garrisoned without delay, for the protection of loyal subjects and the repression of treasonable parties; but a subsequent post brought Lieutenant Gray orders from his Excellency to leave the work in which so little progress had been made, and return to New York with the remnant of the company as quietly as he could.

The lieutenant executed those orders so punctually that the evacuation was known only by the shanties being found empty, on which discovery the youth of the Green Mountains assembled in great force, demolished with picks and crow's the little work that had been accomplished, reduced the shanties to their original logs, piled them up and made a gigantic bonfire on the site marked out for bastion and case-

mate, round which they rejoiced, and Hiram Hardhead prophesied for the greater part of a winter evening. On the day of that transaction Squire Delamere, received a letter marked "Private" and skilfully printed with the pen, a device much in use at the time, to prevent the recognition of handwriting. It began with, "Honoured sir,—I think it right to let you know what has come to my knowledge concerning the man to whom, as report says, you meant to entrust the future happiness of your child," and proceeded to relate Captain Devereux's history exactly as it was told by his subordinate officer to Westwood Hunter, but the signature was simply an "Unknown Friend."

"A rascally piece of impertinence and slander," said Delamere. "Just like all Whiggish doings—first force a man out of the country and then calumniate him to the only friend he had in it. But what sensible or honourable man would pay attention to an anonymous letter in a disguised hand! Doubtless the captain has his faults, but these black touches have been added by this slanderous fellow, who dares neither to show his face nor tell his name." The squire made these reflections to himself, and kept the letter to himself also; but he read it over two or three times, and finally put it away in the secret drawer of his own bureau, saying, "I will hear what the captain has to say on the subject, if ever we meet again."

Devereux's removal gave general satisfaction to the country people, and the manner of it entertained them, particularly as reported by the provincial papers; but that was the one drop which made Delamere's cup of bitterness overflow. He was one of those characters on whom misdoings or mischances weigh more heavily in succeeding time than at the first brush. His quarrel with Archdale had been the cause of untold regret to him, and yet the breach was never to be healed; the circumstances of the time seemed to make that impossible, for his ancient friend had been elected, almost in spite of himself, one of the Massachusetts delegates to the Whig Congress then sitting in Philadelphia. The estrangement of old neighbours and intimate associates had vexed him more than he would ever own; and now the entire district, where he and his fathers had lived in honour and esteem, was amused with the lowering details of that night attack upon his house, when his familiar guest and his daughter's suitor was dragged out, and he a powerless witness of the fact.

These reflections and memories made his old home and neighbourhood distasteful to the squire, and prudential considerations pressed upon him too. He was the only royalist of note in that part of the Connecticut Valley. The Liberty Men were growing bolder, and the country more disturbed every day. Who could tell that Sydney Archdale might not find his way to the Elms some night with a band of Minute Men and "such-like villains," and carry off his daughter, or frighten her into an elopement? From the sight he got of Constance and the captain together in the moonlight, innocent Delamere believed that the noble suitor would have certainly succeeded if time had been allowed him; and he had more than once endeavoured to console the imaginary grief of his daughter by assuring her that Devereux would prove true and come back in spite of all his enemies.

In the meantime, the regiment that was to protect loyal subjects did not make its appearance.

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Governor Gage had nothing of the kind to spare; but a circular of his, addressed to all officers who had held the king's commission in the French War, and requesting them to raise independent companies for his Majesty's service, reached the Elms.

"I could not raise a man here, except my own ploughboys; and I am not sure of them either," said Delamere; "but I can serve the king myself, and with the help of Providence I will. A man had better take up arms at once, and get into the stir and change of military life, than stay here alone, to fret and fear and be insulted by a Whiggish pack that one has no means of bringing to reason. I am not yet too old to serve his Majesty with honour, I hope, and do my part in putting down rebellion in this country. If things should come to that, they will give me the commission I formerly held, no doubt. I must go to Boston and see about it. But my daughter—it would not be safe for her to remain here; no, nor to stay with her aunt in Springfield;" and then a second plan occurred to the squire.

He was the owner of a house in the provincial capital, which had been bequeathed to him by a childless uncle, and tenanted for years past by a Quaker merchant, known to his people as Friend Stoughton, a man eminently successful in business, and esteemed by the townspeople for his blameless life, upright dealings, and liberal spirit, but at this time winding up his affairs, with the intention of retiring to spend his latter days among his kindred in Pennsylvania. Stoughton was Archdale's intimate friend; but Delamere and he had always been on cordial terms; and as the house was large, the squire had no doubt that arrangements could be made with him for room sufficient to accommodate himself, his daughter, and the few helps they would require, till his time of occupation expired and the house should be their own.

"How would you like to go and live in Boston?" he said, as his daughter entered the second parlour, which was the scene of his musings.

"I should like it well, father, if you were going there too"—the old place had grown as dreary and disagreeable to Constance as to him. Terror and trouble had come within its walls; cold or frowning faces passed by its windows; and for all its pleasant sheltered situation, and fine prospect of fertile valley, winding river, and wooded heights, she was ready and willing to leave the Elms.

The squire lost no time in writing to his Quaker tenant on the subject, and received an answer characteristic of the people and the man.

"Friend Delamere, we have room enough and to spare, but it would cause much inconvenience to bring hither thy household goods till ours were removed; therefore, if it answer thy purpose, come thyself, thy daughter, and such helps as may be needful, and live with us as part of our family till we are ready to leave the house in thine own possession. If thou art coming, be good enough to let us know what time we may expect thee; and be sure that thou and thine shall be welcome to thy friends, Jacob and Rachel Stoughton."

"Plain and brief, but as kind as can be. We will bundle and go at once," said the squire; "Quakers neither make nor expect ceremony. Hannah Armstrong is just the prudent, trusty woman to be with a young girl when I am with my regiment. Constance would not like to leave Philip behind, and Philip would not like to be left; that is enough to

invade the Stoughtons with. They are Christians indeed to take us in so frankly."

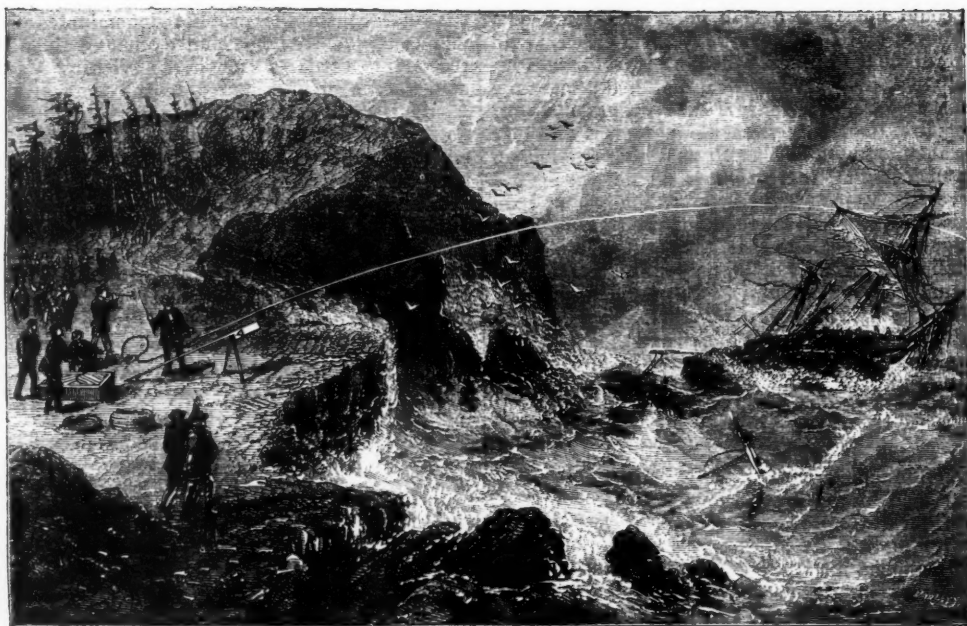
Preparations were accordingly made for the four to set out. Hannah took the precautionary measure of locking away brocades, laces, in short, everything that her cousin the prophet denominated *fal-dals*, and consequently homespun cloth and linen formed the staple of Miss Delamere's visiting wardrobe, and were also best suited to the time and place. Denis Dargan was formally appointed viceroy and governor-general of outdoor affairs during his master's absence. Hannah's place of power and trust in the house was conferred on her second, Martha Ashford, an experienced young woman, who owned to thirty-five, and was believed to have a tender inclination towards Denis, which unfortunately was not reciprocated by Erin's son, for he had been heard to say with equivocal gallantry, "Shure it's far too good for the likes of me she is, bein' a sant all out; isn't it a pity she's not a thriffler hand-somer?" However, the Quakeress recommended Martha as a steadfast-minded maid. The squire was sure that domestic concerns would go as well under her administration as those of stock and farm under the government of his best man. A trusty attorney—there were such in those days as now,—who managed all the legal business Delamere ever had, was deputed to watch over the weightier affairs of the estate; and thus everything at the Elms was placed in good hands.

From the foot of Mount Holyoke to the city of Boston is not a journey of much consideration now, when a system of railways—the largest and most complete in the world—seams the United States in every direction, and threads the trackless wilds that lie between their western frontiers and the shores of the Pacific. A distance of some eighty miles before one was a different thing a hundred years ago; there were as good public conveyances in the long-settled American provinces as could be found in most parts of Europe at the time, and they were little to be boasted of. The family coach and the travelling chariot of English rank and fashion were to be met with among the wealthy planters of Virginia, but sober, thrifty Massachusetts had not yet given way to such pomps and vanities. There the country gentry still travelled on horseback, as their fathers did, and much after the manner of Delamere and his party—namely, the squire mounted on his own good roan, with his faithful housekeeper on a pillion behind him; Constance riding her gentle and well kept jennet; Philip on his pony trotting by her side, and a man in charge of the two pack-horses laden with their luggage bringing up the rear. It was on a cold, calm winter morning, when the sun was struggling through the mist that lay heavy on the eastern hills, and the land was white with its first thin coat of snow. They were going with their own good will, and only for a time; they might come back and see the old place any day; they had no fears for the people they left there; Green Mountain Boys or Minute Men would not molest them; yet, on a rising ground above the bend of the river, Delamere and his daughter paused and looked back at the Elms. Was it a vague presentiment of the strange trials they were to meet before the old home rose upon their sight again which prompted that long leave-taking look? Neither could have said; but it passed with the moment, and they rode onward to look back no more.



## THE ROCKET APPARATUS AND ITS WORK.

BY CAPTAIN G. GRAY JONES, R.N.



**D**URING the year 1875, the lifeboats of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution assisted in saving 727 lives from shipwrecks on the British coasts. There are now 254 lifeboat stations, and it is a notable fact that nearly every one of these boats has been the free, generous gift either of individuals or of public bodies. The services of this noble institution\* are well known, and appreciated by the nation, and the gallant conduct of the seamen engaged in the work is duly recorded in the "Lifeboat Journal," and in the British press.

There are many parts of the coast, however—notably the north-west of Ireland and Scotland—where, from the rocky nature of the shore, the deep water running close up to the steep cliffs, the absence of a sufficiently numerous coast population from which to draw a crew, and other reasons, lifeboats would be either useless, or could not be maintained in a state of efficiency. On such coasts the rocket apparatus is the shipwrecked sailors' only hope. It also supplements to an important extent the work of the lifeboat on all our coasts, and is used on occasions when the wreck is either driven close up to cliffs, or when the water is so shoal that a lifeboat cannot float within reach of the wreck, which may nevertheless be within three or four hundred yards of the shore—that is to say, within the extreme limit of the distance the rocket apparatus can be made available for. The principle of this useful aid in saving life is to establish communication between a wreck and the shore, by sending a line, conveyed by a rocket, over the ship, with appliances that will be understood on the perusal of this paper.

\* For details the reader is referred to the valuable and interesting volume, "The History of the Lifeboat and its Work," by Richard Lewis, barrister-at-law, Secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. With numerous illustrations. (Macmillan and Co.)

About 130 lives were saved from shipwreck on the coasts of the British Islands in the year 1875 by the use of the rocket apparatus. In popular estimation there is little of that heroic element inseparably associated with the word "Lifeboat" connected with this branch of the life-saving service. Nor, indeed, is there on most occasions of saving life by the rocket apparatus that demand on the energy and courage which is of necessity made on nearly every occasion of lifeboat service to wrecks.

Nevertheless, the proper use of the rocket apparatus in a gale of wind, when the wreck, to which worn-out mariners are clinging with difficulty, is visibly breaking up, requires judgment, coolness, and very often courage and daring.

Here is the story of one effort, told the writer by an old coastguard-station officer, who, we knew from the official records, had been instrumental in saving lives from many different wrecks.

We got the news, he said, about ten o'clock in the forenoon. It was blowing a hard gale from the east, with heavy snow-squalls. We were seven miles from the point off which the wreck lay, and what with the heavy roads, the bitter weather, and the knocking about horses always get at wreck service, the farmers were shy about letting out their horses. However, we got a pair at last, and started away with the rocket-cart—six of us. As we got towards the end of the journey, and away from the regular cart tracks, we had to pull down walls, and cut away gate-posts with axes to let the cart through, and twice we had to take the horses out, unload the cart, and transport the gear by hand across the ravine, and then we had to haul the cart through the bog, and reload on the other side.

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large, full-rigged ship, with her masts gone, lying broadside on to the swell, her decks turned in towards the shore. We could see the crew huddled together under the weather side of the fore-castle, and every few minutes a great green sea would curl up over the weather bulwarks, and fall across the decks from stem to stern, like a great waterfall across a river. How to get at her I could not see, for we were on the cliffs above, and she was on the rocks out at sea. To be of any use, we were bound to get within 300 yards. By-and-bye, however, we discovered a sort of gully half-way down, and we got the gear out and lowered it down, bit by bit, till it was all below, and then we lowered ourselves down and commenced crawling out over the rocks and getting, inch by inch, nearer the wreck. We took with us a few rockets, one line, and the rocket-stand, for the point was to get near enough to fire a rocket-line off. If we could do that, getting out the whip and hawser was a mere matter of time. Of course, we all had our lifebelts on, otherwise, if any of us slipped off the rocks, we should have stood a good chance of being whirled out to sea by the undertow which surged up between the rocks.

We found we could not get near enough at once, but the tide was falling. As the tide went out we climbed on over the rocks farther and farther. It was just before dark when we got the rocket-stand lashed to a rock, from which the rocket could be fired to the ship, the sea washing up between the legs of it, the line on another rock nearer the shore, and we nearly dead with cold, and holding on to the rocks.

Well, we fired our rocket, and it just went over the centre of the ship, leaving the line right across her. Cold as we were, we gave a sort of cheer—there was no noisy crowd to cheer us in such a place as that, you may be sure—and we commenced to get our heavier gear out ready to bend on to the line, the end of which they had on board the ship. We were so busy at first we did not much notice. Then we saw that the crew, still huddled together, took no notice of our line. We watched a long time, and at last began to think they must be dead—frozen to death! It was no use sending off another line, but I fired a couple of rockets over them. The two produced no effect; a third struck not far from them. We saw the group move, and, after a little, one man crawled out along under the weather bulwark, and in a sleepy sort of way took hold of our line. He held it in his hand for a long time, looked at it and us. Evidently he did not in the least understand what to do with it, and supposed we wanted him to make it fast round his body, and then for him to throw himself into the sea! He saw what a hopeless job that would be, and after a time he made the line fast to the dead-eyes of the weather main rigging, and crept back to the group he had left. After that we could get no movement out of them, do what we would. Then the tide began to rise, and, beat out with the cold, we worked back over the rocks to the beach, taking our end of the line with us. We got a fire under the cliffs, and we bent the whip and tally and lifebuoy on to the line, so that if they should at any time in the night come to their senses, and haul away on *their* end of the line, they would find the right thing at *our* end of it. We set a watch, and then climbed up the cliffs and found food and shelter in a farmhouse half a mile away.

It was high water about midnight, and I thought

that some change would happen then—either she would break up, or the sea would lift her nearer the beach, and give us a chance to get aboard. So we all assembled ready to act, and I fired a couple more rockets at them to show we were there, but there was no sign of their being awake, and at half-past twelve a great piece of her stern washed up on the beach; then we knew the ship had broken up, and it was all up with her crew. And so, leaving a watch and fire, we got into shelter for the night. At day-break we found the pieces of the wreck and the dead bodies of fifteen men (all foreigners) jumbled up on the beach together, and entangled in the midst was still our rocket-line! We should have saved every man of them if, when we threw the line over them, they had only hauled away on it. "But what can you expect from foreigners?" was the concluding remark of the old coastguardsman.

Here is another case, attended with more satisfactory results. The writer was attending Divine service at a little out-of-the-way church in an out-of-the-way part of the coast, when a certain commotion began to be apparent among the congregation. The writer, being a stranger, did not ascertain the cause, and remained in his seat; and though there was no general stampede, headed by the parson with the cry of "Wait till I get out of the pulpit—let's all start fair" (as is scandalously reported of a certain congregation at the news of a wreck, in "wrecking" times), there was a very sensible diminution of numbers caused by the silent withdrawal of twos and threes. The service was ended properly, however, and it then became generally known that a ship was close to the cliffs, trying in vain to draw off the shore against a north-west gale. The rocket-cart just then galloped through the crowd, and sped away to the coast, for the purpose of following the wreck along shore till she struck. The rain was falling heavily, and the wind rendered walking laborious work; nevertheless, the bulk of the congregations from chapel and church streamed out over the hills, and the lasses turned the Sunday dresses over the Sunday bonnets, and followed on after the lads, who raced over hill and dale, through rain and wind. By-and-bye, dog-cart, gig, and pony-trap, all sorts of vehicles and all sorts of animals, began to overtake the pedestrians. The great body of the crowd was still half a mile astern, however, when the vessel, a small coaster, struck; and the rocket-cart, which was abreast on the cliffs, was seen to wheel round at once, and the coastguardsmen, jumping out, began hauling out their hawsers and rockets and lines; and swarming down over a break in the cliffs, with their gear on their backs, soon set up their apparatus on the sands below, and in an incredibly short space of time a rocket with a line attached went whizzing out seaward against the storm. It was greeted with a cheer by the crowd, which, fairly "blown," had halted on the adjoining hill. It was, nevertheless, an undoubted bad shot, and went *nowhere*. Another was fired with greater care; then another, still without success; then the lines had got thoroughly saturated with wet and became entangled, and there was a long delay and some confusion, increased by the jeering of a country mob which had by this time gathered round. An express was sent back to hurry on the lifeboat, which, drawn by ten horses, was known to be staggering along through the miry roads, some miles off still; and in the midst of it all a huge

wave lifted the wreck bodily off the reef, and lodged her in a fresh place nearer the shore, but leaving the crew still clinging on to the bulwarks. Then a large piece of the wreck washing up on the beach, the cry was raised that the vessel was "breaking up." At last the rocket-lines were got clear again, but whether from the pressure of the mob or from over-excitement on the part of the director, twice more the rocket went wide of the mark! Only *one rocket remained*, and the nearest depôt was seven miles off. The only hope now seemed in the lifeboat, if she could but be got up in time. The rocket-stand was moved to a new place; the legs were propped up with stones, to prevent their moving in the soft sand when the trigger-line was pulled, and the elevation was carefully adjusted by the pendulum; then, with the exceeding care of a man who knows that the lives of five others are hanging on the movement of his hand, the old chief-boatman, by a long steady pull of the trigger-line, fired the friction-tube, and sent the last rocket shrieking out towards the wreck. A shout of triumph broke from the crowd as they saw the serpentine line of fire dart right across the vessel, only just clear of the heads of the crew, and leave the rocket-line almost in their hands.

It soon appeared, however, that the crew were as ignorant of the use of the line as the foreigners, of whom we have previously written, had been; though, in this case, the wreck belonged to a west country port, where the rocket apparatus was constantly exercised, and, to our horror, we saw them secure the bare line to the waist of a man who was preparing to jump overboard, hoping that we should be able to haul him ashore through the surf! Of course we could have done so, but of course the poor fellow would have been drowned a dozen times over. We, that is, the coastguard and the crowd, howled and waved and shrieked, and some of us ran as far as we dared into the surf, making signs, and at the last moment desisting, and doubtfully taking in something of what we wanted them to understand, these sailors commenced to haul away on their end of the rocket-line. To our end had already been secured the bight of a "whip," or light rope, rove through a block or pulley, attached to which was a small board, on which was printed, in French and English, instructions to secure the pulley to the highest part of the wreck or lower masts. This done, we should then have *two* ends of a line on shore, the bight of which was rove through a block on board the wreck, so that we could haul off to them anything which we considered would aid their escape to the shore. Well, in due time they hauled on board to them the bight of the whip, etc., and after studying the printed instructions (no doubt puzzling over the French before they discovered the English) for a terribly long time, they duly secured the block half way up the rigging; and now we manned the whip on shore, and quickly hauled off to them the end of a stout hawser, or large rope, together with a lifebuoy, with a pair of breeches attached, into which it was intended the men should get and be hauled on shore one by one. All went well, apparently. They secured their end of the hawser as high up as they could; we carried our end as high up the sand as we could, and led it over a huge triangle, to raise it as high as possible above the tops of the waves. We could not make our end fast, and set it up taut with a tackle, as is done sometimes, and which is the

best plan, because the wreck was rolling to and fro on the reef, as the rocks slowly tore their way through her bottom, and that motion would have speedily parted the hawser. So about one hundred people, women and men working together, laid hold of the end, and as the vessel rolled outwards from the land they "eased away," and as she rolled her mastheads in towards the beach they "gathered in the slack," so that we had established a kind of flying-bridge above the surface. There had been sent off, as I have said, along with the hawser, a lifebuoy and breeches. This was connected with a pulley, called by sailors a "block," and the block was of a-size to travel along the hawser freely. Under the pulley was suspended the breeches-lifebuoy, in which the men (one at a time) were to sit.

To the said pulley was secured the two ends of that whip we had first hauled off by the rocket-line. We had thus the means of hauling the breeches to and fro at pleasure, and getting the crew ashore with absolute safety had become a mere matter of time—as we supposed. We had counted our chickens somewhat early in the hatching process, however, for when the first man was half way ashore the breeches began to travel slowly, and it was then discovered that the original rocket-line, with which they had hauled off the block and the two parts of the whip, had never been properly disconnected from it, and now by the travelling of the rope on which we were hauling it had been sucked into the sheave of the pulley, and was jamming momentarily more. Well, with immense anxiety and trouble we landed the first man; but when we tried to haul the breeches off for the second, the block refused to travel, and the jam was complete. We tried in vain to get the people on the wreck to go aloft and clear the block; they could not understand in the least; but at last, as they manifestly wanted the breeches off to the wreck, they got hold of the bight of the whip and hauled it off themselves, and quickly lading it with another sailor, they eased away and we hauled; and so, with a sound ducking, we landed numbers two, three, and four. The plan answered indifferently well as long as there was a sufficient force left in the wreck; but who was to haul off the breeches for the last man, and who was to ease him ashore? Our hearts sank at the thought. We stood in the surf with the breeches and buoy in our hand, thinking what we should do, and the skipper—for he was the last man—stood on the taffrail of his ship, holding on as he might, watching with that sort of sickening look of anxious inquiry on his face not easily forgotten. We knew he was far spent, for the "haul off" the last time had been accomplished with very great difficulty and delay. A coastguardsman volunteered to be hauled off in the breeches and get the exhausted skipper into them. He had not considered that the difficulty was to get even the empty breeches off, and that there must still for ever be a last man; and he was snubbed by



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his chief for his want of forethought accordingly. Such is sometimes the reward of valour. There was nothing we could do; we waved our arms—the old signal—to haul off the “breeches-buoy.” The skipper was a fine fellow, and the writer hopes that he may have such as he to back him up when he is as hard pushed for his life as that man was that day; but he looked at the distance he had to haul the lifebuoy through the waves, and we saw him shake his head; then he stepped down on the deck, and slowly and painfully began hauling away. With painful solicitude the coastguard bore the buoy over their heads to ease the strain, and waded out with it till they were washed off their legs; and with anxious care a hundred hands carefully eased away the shore-end of the line, but it travelled more and more slowly, and at last stopped—the skipper had tumbled on to the deck, and was unable to move from exhaustion. He lay a long time; several huge seas, after washing his vessel fore and aft, rolled over him. When we thought it was all over with him, he suddenly staggered up again, and commenced hauling away once more. He heard the cheer with which we sought to encourage him, and retained his strength till he hauled the buoy near to the ship. There was no one to steady it while he got in; no one to haul it on board. He summoned his remaining strength, and sprang at it like a tiger, reached it and clung to it, but never could writhe himself up and into it. There was no use delaying; we ran away with our end of the whip as hard as we could tear, but when the breeches were still thirty yards from dry land the poor skipper let go his hold, and fell headlong into the boiling surf! The water at that moment had receded a long way, gathering strength for the next roller. The coastguard officers, and some others who were near, having hold of the line from the shore, and their belts on, dashed at the skipper, threw themselves round him—on him. The great waves rolled over the heads of the little knot of struggling men, and then rolled them all up in a helpless ball on the beach, the skipper underneath and insensible, but he was saved!

These two cases illustrate most of the incidents connected with the use of this means of saving life.

The rocket apparatus is placed at various points on the coasts of the United Kingdom by the Government. It is, with one or two exceptions, in charge of the coastguard. Years ago, when the number of these “rocket stations” was smaller, and a considerably greater number of coastguardsmen were employed, they alone worked the apparatus. Of late years decrease in the coastguard force, and considerable increase of the number of rocket stations, has caused the Government to adopt the plan of enrolling, as an auxiliary force, a certain number of the surrounding population—farmers, beachmen, and fishermen—who act under the orders of the coastguard, obey the summons which announces that the rocket-cart is going out, either for service or exercise, and are paid on each occasion according to the number of hours employed.

All the material considered necessary for saving life is kept constantly stowed in a cart specially adapted for the service, and which is drawn from the station to the scene of the wreck by two, three, or more horses. There is also accommodation on the cart for five or six coastguardsmen.

The various articles generally stowed in the cart are:—First, three rocket-lines, faked each in a separate box. These lines are light and small, and one of them is attached to the rocket fired from the shore. When the rocket falls over the wreck, towing this line after it, it is manifest that the people on the wreck will have hold of one end of a line of which the other end is retained by the coastguard on shore. The sole use of this line is to enable the people on the wreck to haul off stouter ones.

Second, a “whip” of manilla line, one and a half inches in circumference, rove through a block or pulley, which block is fitted with a tail, or piece of rope about a yard long. The coastguardsmen secure this block with the tail, and with the manilla whip, or rope, rove through it to the shore end of the rocket-line, and as soon as the people on the wreck get hold of the line—fired off to them from the shore, as previously explained—they commence hauling on it, and ultimately drag off to them the tail-block, with the whip rove through it, the two ends of which are retained by the people on shore. With the tail-block also goes off a small board, on which is printed in English and French, “Make the tail of the block fast to the lower mast, well up; if masts are gone, then to the best place you can find; cast off rocket-line; see that the rope in the block runs free, and show signal to the shore.” Acting on which the people on the wreck accordingly secure the block as high as is found convenient.

Third, a manilla hawser, or rope, three inches in circumference, one end of which is hauled off to the ship by the whip; with the hawser goes off another little tally-board, with directions to secure the hawser two feet higher up than where they have previously secured the tail of the block.

Fourth, a sling lifebuoy, with breeches attached, which is fitted to travel to and fro on the hawser, and is hauled along it from ship to shore and back again by the whip, which is worked by the people on the beach.

Fifth, eighteen rockets for carrying out the line. Those in common use are Dennett's, fitted with a staff in the rear, in appearance similar to an ordinary signal-rocket. They are said to be “double,” because the interior composition is made up of two distinct chambers, one before the other: the second chamber igniting when the rocket is in mid-flight, gives the rocket a new impetus at a critical moment. We believe it is intended to introduce rockets after the pattern of Hale's, which are constructed for war purposes. They have no staff in the rear, as ordinary signal-rockets have, but as the gas, generated by the combustion of the composition, rushes out of the rear of the rocket through three holes, it bears on small half-spirals, in appearance not unlike the blades of a screw-propeller, and this imparts to the rocket a rotary motion round its own axis, which has the effect of keeping it end on to the direction in which it is propelled, on the same principle that a rifle-bullet is kept end on.

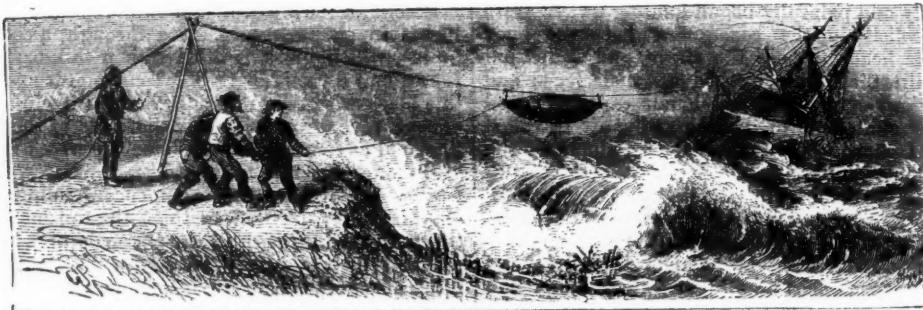
These are the principal articles in the rocket-cart. There are, besides, an anchor for burying in the sand, a triangle, signal-lights, and sundry small articles, making on the whole a very complete affair of it.

It will be seen, however, from what we have written, that all would be of little use without stout hearts and willing hands; and notwithstanding the fact that the rocket companies work on solid land, they are sometimes exposed to both danger and

hardship, which test the stuff they are made of to the uttermost.

In America, a "life-car" is sometimes used instead of the "breeches-buoy," but only on a smooth beach. In appearance it is strikingly like a torpedo boat. It is so constructed that it contains enough air to give four people breath for at least fifteen minutes, but otherwise it is not ventilated. It is entered by a trap-door in the middle of the upper

deck, large enough only for one person to pass through at a time; and it is found especially serviceable for the rescue of women or children. The "breeches-buoy" only is in use in the British service. It has this great advantage, that men are often drawn partially through the water or dipping in the water, and might be drowned did not the cork-buoy floating up under the arms of the man keep his head above the waves.



AMERICAN LIFE-CAR.

### A TRIP TO PALMYRA AND THE DESERT.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WRIGHT, B.A., OF DAMASCUS.

#### III.

WE enjoyed a quiet day at 'Ain el-Wu'ul, much to our own satisfaction and that of our animals; and on the 1st June, 1874, at four o'clock in the morning, we started on the last stage of our journey to Palmyra. The morning air was fresh and balmy, the peaks were tipped with amethyst, and purple shadows shot with gold lay heavy about the mountains, and as we streamed down from the plateau, we felt buoyant as the wavy atmosphere that danced and floated around us. Five hares were started in the descent, and each became the subject of a fresh chase and general fusillade, and on the level plain one hare was actually run down and caught by a soldier on a one-eyed horse. This man was a mighty hunter, and his one-eyed horse was worthy of his rider. On our return through Karyetein, the sheikh's son presented me with a Persian greyhound. In the grey morning a fox was seen creeping up to the mountain, and instantly all our cavaliers started in pursuit with a desert hurrah. The fox understood the situation, and did his best, and he had nearly a mile of a start. The hunters, from being an irregular crowd, soon found their places in the tail of the dust-comet that streamed up the hill. The head of the comet was the one-eyed horse, and there thundered in his track horses twice his size and ten times his value. In twenty minutes the greyhound had reached the fox, but did not know what to do with him. The question was soon settled by the rider of the Cyclopean horse, who rushed in, seized reynard, and brought him back alive and in triumph at the saddle-bow.

At five o'clock the Castle of Palmyra rose in view, and we felt delightfully independent of Gipsy, the guide. We had a weary ride before us, in which distance was felt, not seen. The way was monotony itself, for we had got almost back into the ordinary route of the tourist. In some places the ground was

wavy, and then our column dipped and emerged like a boat among billows. At other places it was dead flat, and then we marched on, and on, and on forever, leaving in our track a trail of dust. The mountains on our right rose again from the break at the fountain, and stretched on in an unbroken ridge till opposite Palmyra, when it suddenly turned toward the city and shut in the plains. Across the plain to the left, the edge of a highland, or step, like a mountain ridge, shut in the plain on the north, and this ridge also ran straight to Palmyra, and then turned off at right angles towards the Euphrates. Sometimes the monotony of our march was broken by a spurt after a hare, or a shot at sand-grouse, and in crossing a *seil*, or the dry bed of a mountain torrent, we got two large grey birds, with large yellow eyes, called by the Bedawin *Darraji*—perhaps a species of rock curlew (?).

We passed hundreds of places where Arabs had encamped, marked by stones left in circles, and by bones and ashes and graves. At one of these encampments I found beads of old Damascus manufacture and a flint knife. The plain was a tawny brown, and the abundant grass and herbage of spring had been reduced to powder. A few spots were green in the distance, but when we came up to the place, we only found the *El-kali* plant growing in greater abundance and perfection than elsewhere. The plain, which runs between mountains like the level bed of a narrow sea, from near Damascus to Palmyra, varies in breadth from four to ten miles, and consists of good soil, which might be cultivated. On my first return trip from Palmyra, I found it carpeted with grass and flowers to the fetlocks of the horses. One nowhere meets the desert sands of tradition till almost at the entrance of Palmyra.

About two hours from Palmyra, we were aroused

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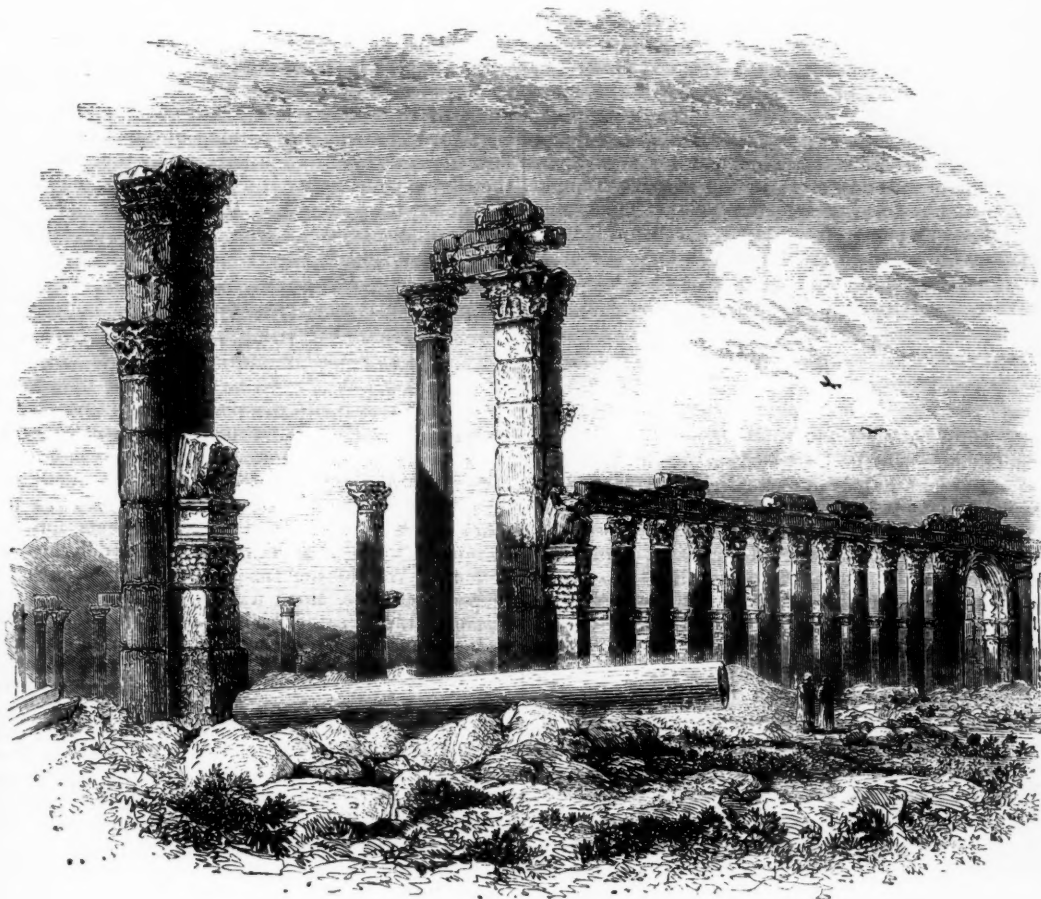
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out of a slumberous state by one of our soldiers firing off his rifle, and rushing about in an excited manner. We galloped up to him, and found that he had wounded a huge lizard, thirty-nine inches long. It was horribly ugly, as it writhed on the ground. It had a stuffed look, like a Turkish officer tightly belted, and bulging out on each side of the ligatures. The skin of this extraordinary monster is

The thrill of expectancy and delight is a rich reward for all our fatigue.

In the middle of the pass, with a path on either side, there is a rocky eminence, which was built over with tomb-towers. Some of the towers are almost entire, and of others there only remain the foundations. On the right rises "Jebel el Mantar," the mountain of the look-out, with the old wall



MIDDLE CROSSING OF GRAND COLONNADE.—GRANITE MONOLITH.

now in the museum of the Syrian Protestant College, Beyrout.

As we approached closer to Palmyra, the ruins on the hill-tops came safely out of the mirage, and assumed their permanent forms. Every hour new ruins rose into view, and through the pass, to which we were hurrying, we could see the tops of the colonnades within. Perhaps there is no view of Palmyra which gives so much excitement as this. After the bare, monotonous desert, we come gradually on a scene of enchantment, and though we have come expressly to see the scene, it breaks upon us as a surprise; not all at once, but increasing at every step—castle, and tower, and temple, and serried lines of Corinthian capitals, seen in part, and in such a way as to suggest more, lead up with the most dramatic effect to the most splendid *denouement*.

running up its narrow ridge to the top, and its base sentinelled about with huge square towers. This mountain terminates suddenly in the plain, and the wall runs down its south-eastern side; and after passing through Abu Sahil, the vaulted cemetery, it draws a wide circuit round the southern side of the city.

On the left from the edge of the pass rises a chain of mountains, which screens Tadmor from the west, and runs away in the Dawara range towards the Euphrates. The wall took the course of the highest summits of this range, and after enclosing the castle, turned sharp in a south-easterly direction, and curved round the city till it met the wall coming up from the south-west. This wall, which can be easily traced, is no doubt that of the city in its palmiest days, and should always be kept in

mind when estimating the greatness of the Palmyra of Zenobia. On the north-east side the outer wall is about nine hundred yards beyond the modern Roman wall, and about a mile distant from it on the opposite side. Travellers generally express their disappointment at the smallness of Palmyra; but they form their estimate of its magnitude by the small oblong space enclosed within the Justinian wall, less than three miles long. While the city had no special claim to celebrity on account of its size, in that respect even it was not insignificant, as the old walls which we have pointed out were from ten to thirteen miles in circumference, and the enclosed space was closely packed with human habitations of the most splendid description. As we swept through the pass, Tadmor lay beneath us; and its ruins, graceful and fantastic as frost-work, stretched out for more than a mile before us, and ended in the massive Temple of the Sun. On the left the yellow mountains towered over it; and on the right, green gardens of palm and olive surged around it. On the outer side, these gardens are girt by the desert, which stretches away to the horizon smooth as the sea, and the yellow sands, which shimmer golden in the sunlight, are flecked by the silver sheen of extensive salt lakes.

We hastened over prostrate columns and silent streets till we reached the beautiful little temple called "*Temple of the King's Mother*." Here we descended from our horses at half-past three o'clock p.m., having made the journey from 'Ain el-Wu'ul in about ten and a half hours actual riding. This little temple commands an excellent view of the ruins, and so we pitched our camp beside it, and my bed was spread within its once sacred fane. I had thus ample leisure, by starlight and sunlight, to study what Miss Beaufort in her pleasant book calls "a little gem of a temple, almost perfect in form," and which is still beautiful, though without the fluted columns which she attributes to it.

The temple was sixty feet long, including the portico, and about twenty-seven feet broad. Its projecting roof in front was supported by six columns with Corinthian capitals, and in the walls there were half columns and pilasters, so arranged as to break, by light and shadow, the monotony of a flat surface. Each column had a bracket, on which once stood a statue; and there are inscriptions on the faces of the brackets, one of which contains the names of Hadrian\* and Agrippa, and a date corresponding to 130 of the Christian era. This dedication took place the same year in which Hadrian erected a temple to Jupiter at Jerusalem, and about nine years after the building of Hadrian's wall between Carlisle and Newcastle. In that year Hadrian visited Palmyra, and in the inscription they call him the "*God Hadrian*;" and Palmyra took to itself the name of the god, and was known for a time as Hadrianopolis. The door of our temple was nine and a half feet wide, and its jambs and lintels were monoliths adorned with a tracing of the egg and dice pattern. There were windows in each side of the door with bevelled and projecting stone-frames, and there were similar windows in each side wall of the temple. The whole edifice once stood on a raised platform, but the sand and ruins have silted up round it, taking away from its height and giving it a heavy look. Half a score of similar temples lie

prostrate among the ruins here and there, showing even in their fallen estate, by the grace and grandeur of their fragments, how much they surpassed this, which doubtless stands a solitary specimen today owing to its having sacrificed airy beauty to solidity and strength.

Right in front of our little temple stands the great Temple of the Sun. Its northern wall rises before us to a height of seventy feet, and hides from our view all the glories within. The blank wall is broken by pilasters with carved capitals, which support a solid projecting entablature, and there were windows between the pilasters, which are now closed, except one, through which the superfluous dung of the village is ejected. This strong outer wall gave the temple something of the character of a fortress, and this was necessitated by the position of the city, surrounded as it was by the wild hordes of the desert, and subject to the sudden incursions of the Parthians from the east. The Moslems changed the temple into a real fort, by building up the windows and raising a square tower over the splendid portico. This magnificent old temple I shall not attempt to describe in detail. It covered about six hundred and forty thousand square feet of ground, and in going round it you walk more than a mile. The entrance doorway, which was beautifully sculptured, was thirty-two feet high and sixteen feet wide, and its jambs and lintels were each single stones. Around the court, near the outer wall, were rows of columns seventy feet high, to the number of three hundred and seventy-four; and these, like the other columns of Palmyra, had brackets for the statues of those whom the Tadmorones delighted to honour. Within the spacious square, enclosed by these colonnades, stood a beautiful building on a raised platform, ascended by a flight of stone steps, and surrounded by a single row of fluted columns with Corinthian capitals in bronze. This was the temple. Its length north and south was about forty paces, and its breadth nearly sixteen paces. The entrance was in the western side, and in either end there was what might be called the Holy of Holies. The ceilings in these ends still remain entire, exhibiting the most lovely designs and most perfect carving to be seen in Tadmor. Indeed, this temple is the chief triumph of the Tadmor artists; and at the time Zenobia used to grace its steps, surrounded by her brilliant court, it must have been an object of surpassing splendour. The great polished columns in the temple alone, if placed end to end, would have formed one column nearly six miles long; and the statues, if drawn up in form, would have presented about the same numbers as a regiment in the line. We can well understand how Aurelian spent such vast sums—three hundred pounds weight of gold and eighteen hundred pounds weight of silver, as well as the crown jewels of Zenobia—to repair this temple, which had been injured by his soldiers. (Letter of Aurelian to Bassus preserved by Vopiscus.)

Let us see the temple in its present state. As we approach it in front, we see, over the patched and broken walls, columns standing and leaning about at every angle, as though the enclosure were a huge lumber-yard of columns. Around the wall is a deep ditch, and the entrance is reached by a raised causeway flagged with broad stones, among which I recognised a panelled stone door. The sheikh and a crowd of his people are sitting on stones in the

\* Hadrian was called a god by the Palmyrenes while he was yet living. The Romans, ancient as well as modern, reserved such canonization for their heroes till after their death.

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gate. Camels and mules pass in and out, and women with jars of water and babies on their shoulders. The men are tall, and, as it seemed to me, have a Jewish cast of features. The women are coarse featured but not very ugly, and they all blacken their eyes and blue their lips. Within, we find the whole area of the temple filled with clay-daubed huts, so that we can only get an idea of the place by climbing over them. We pass on straight to the temple, which we explore with our handkerchiefs held to our noses, for the inmost shrine is horrible. We hurry out to the fresh air, but it is not fresh, for all the offal and filth of the houses are flung out into the narrow lanes, and lie rotting in the sun. Wherever we go among these human dens there is filth and squalor, and the hot, pestiferous atmosphere of an ill-kept sty. Such is now the state of that gorgeous temple which the proud Tadmorites raised to their gods, which were no gods, and where they glorified one another in monuments of perishable stone.

Looking at the ruins of Tadmor, one wonders at the rage that must have existed for columns. Little houses had their tiers of little columns, and great houses had their tiers of correspondingly great columns. Public edifices for civil and religious uses had their quota of lofty columns. Little streets and public squares all had their rows of columns, and wherever you move columns without number block your path. They lie in some places like trees swept together by a flood into heaps; at other places they protrude from the sand, or stand up in solitary grandeur, having no apparent connection with anything else. This column mania found its fullest expression in the great colonnade of the principal street. This street intersects the ruins, running almost in a line between the Temple of the Sun and the castle. The end next the temple commences with a splendid triumphal arch, and after extending towards the mountain for about four thousand feet, loses itself in a maze of prostrate columns. The triumphal arch consists of a large central and two side arches, from which ran

four rows of columns, forming a central Broadway and sidewalks. About half way down the street, a little below the arcade, which cuts the colonnade at right angles, there are four massive pedestals, on which probably stood equestrian or other statues of enormous magnitude, and near this spot on both sides are splendid ruins, which local tradition makes the palace of "Sitt Zeinab" (Lady Zenobia) and the judgment-hall. Independent of the colonnades that branch off right and left, this one street, with its side walks, must have had about fifteen hundred columns. These columns were fifty-seven feet high, and were composed of three great drums, which supported Corinthian capitals and massive ornate entablatures. Between the second and third drum there is a section of a column inserted, with a protruding bracket for the reception of a bust or statue, and on the fronts of these brackets are inscriptions in Greek and Palmyrene, giving the names of the persons whose statues graced the pedestals.

On two columns side by side, near the central arcade, are two inscriptions of the greatest interest. The one records the dedication by his generals of "a statue to Septimus Odenatus, king of kings, and regretted by the whole city;" and the other is a dedication to his wife, "Septima Zenobia, the illustrious and pious queen." In the Palmyrene inscription, under the Greek, we find Zenobia's Palmyrene name—"Bathzebina," the merchant's daughter. Both statues were raised in the August of A.D. 271, only a short period before the fall of the city. What a splendid city Palmyra must have been in its palmy days, when the victorious hosts of Odenatus returned laden with the spoils of Oriental kings, and marched in long array through the long colonnades, beneath the statues of illustrious Palmyrenes! Or when the fiery Bathzebina flashed through those corridors in her gilded chariot, surrounded by her martial courtiers and fair companions. Or when, with bare arms and helmet on head, with all the pomp of mimic war, she sallied forth on her shining Arab to review and harangue her warriors on the sandy plain!

## OLD ENGLISH DOMESTIC LETTERS.

### II.

WE now come down towards the latter part of the century, and introduce the reader to the family of the Reverend John Ellis, Rector of Waddesdon, in Buckinghamshire. John Ellis is known as a divine who, on the outbreak of the Civil War, sided with the Parliament, but afterwards withdrew his support, not approving of the extreme steps it took. He was in consequence attacked by certain Nonconformist writers, but was able to defend himself with success. He brought up a family of six sons and three daughters; and of the former some achieved distinction, though in widely different lines. His eldest son, John, was well known as Under-Secretary of State to William III; while his second, William, followed the fortunes of James II and the Pretender as their secretary. Philip, the fourth son, became a Roman Catholic bishop; and Welbore, the fifth, Bishop of Kildare, and father of Lord Mendip. The

old rector of Waddesdon has left behind him the character of a learned and pious man, of which the reader shall judge by the following letters.

The two first are to his daughters at school: "To my loving Daughters Margaret and Sarah Ellis, at Carone house in Lambeth":—

"Waddesdon, Sept. 14, 1673.

"Loveing daughters,

"I received your letter, and found discouragement by it, for I think you wrote upon the matter as well when you went from us. I should be sorry your proficiencie in other things should be noe better then in this. But it may be you are not wholly in the fault. There may be a defect in your teaching; if soe, you can not help it. Howsoever you must gayne what you can by them of your years, when I must send for you. Pray forgett not your catichisme, nor your reading of Scripture, nor your prayers; soe



remembring your creator in the dayes of your youth. He will not forsake nor fayle you when your strength fayleth you, when you are old and grayheaded, but will be your God even for ever and ever, your guide unto death.

"Pray present myne and your mother's service unto your Mr. and mistresse, as also unto my cosin Mrs. Garthway Hoffe, and give her thawkes in our name till I may come and doe it my selfe, which I hope may be shortly. My selfe with your mother, brother Jones, and Carolus salute you and continue our prayers for you. I continue

"Your loving father, Joh. Ellis."

"Waddesdon Octob. 26, 1673.

"Children,

"I am goeing, and you are growing, I hope as plants of the Lord in his Vineyard, who in season will bring forth fruit, which shall rejoyce the heart both of God and man. To this end have you been watered with the river of life, the word of God, after you were grafted into the good olive Jesus Christe, by baptisme, and have receaved the sappe, which is the Holy Ghost, in that ordinance. Now to the end you might be usefull in your generation, and lead a comfortable life, (soe farre as the condition of this valey of teares doth permitt,) I have indeavoured your education at home and abroad. For the perfecting whereof, if your mistresse have declared her selfe to be an upright meaning woeman, and have, since I told her I would take you off now at the quarter, if shee have notwithstanding treated you well and that you have been taught as before, then my minde is you should stay till the spring. And if she have neglected you, then lett your coz. Ayloff and your brother know it, that they may dispose of you as I have directed them. I continue

"Your loving Father,

"Joh. Ellis.

"My selfe with your mother, your Brother Jones and Sister, as also your little neece Susan salute you. Our service to your mistress. If you stay, I have sent five shillings for your teacher. Bills when I know them shall be payd."

The last letter has something of humour about it. The quarter's notice seems to have been of older institution than some of us might have thought, and human nature, as exhibited in the supposed or real temper of schoolmistresses, was pretty much the same then as now. But, "five shillings for your teacher"! We suspect that there was here something of the servant combined with the teacher. And this idea is borne out by the style of the following letter, which is written in perfect copper-plate, and which would, we think, be the composition of some such poor dependent "teacher."

"Most Ingenious Ladyes,

"Being deprived of the happines I received in the enjoyment of your good company, the most hopefull means I can imagine to make up my loss is by a rude and unworthy scribble from my pen, and to tell you how much I should rejoyce to have so much felicity conferrd upon me as a manifestation of your resentment of my love by a line or two from your rare hands, which I will ever acknowledge with due respects, being, Ladyes,

"Your most humble servant,

Ann Greene.

"Mar. 31st, 1674.

"These

"For the truly virtuous Ladies,  
Madam Margaret, and  
Madam Sarah Ellis."

Here is an instance of the use of "resentment" in a good sense, a use which was common at this period.

Our next letter is to John, the eldest son, who had been secretary to the Earl of Ossory. It is "the gallant earl" himself who is mourned for.

"Wadesdon, August 8, 1680.

"Good Son,

"'Tis true, 'curæ loquuntur leves, ingentes stupent.' Soe sad, soe suddayn a calamity, as is the death of the Earl of Ossory, must needs make the heart ake, and the eye dazle, and be doubtfull (what omen may be in it) of every one who loves the publick. For behold! ('tis ushered in with a note of observation) the Lord, the Lord of Hostes (there's another emphasis), doth take away from Hierusalem the mighty man, and the man of war, the prudent, the captain, and the honorable man. Then, children shall be their princes, and babes shall rule over them. And the people shall be oppressed every one by another; yea, children shall be their oppressors, and woemen rule over them (Isa. iii. 1—5, 12). Quod omen avertat Deus.

"For yourselfe, you are now cast agayn on God. But, O Lord God, thou art my trust from my youth. By thee I have been holden up from the womb, east me not off, forsake me not. O God, thou hast taught me from my youth, O God, forsake me not. 'Twas his prayer, who, from experience of the truth of promises, trusted God. Psal. 71. (Sung heer this day without designe), 5, 6, 9, 17, 18. Goe thou and doe like wise.

"Spring of consolation for the losse of such a person there is but one, namely that, Blessed are they that dye in the Lord, for they rest from their labours and their workes follow. But seeing God is the author of comfort, we must pray that the Lord would appoynt unto you and all those honorable relations of the deceased that mourn: To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oyle of joy for mourning, the garment of prayse for the spirit of heavinesse; as the prophet Isa. 61. 3.

"Seeing Will is so slow, might not Samuell be inserted into the family of the new Earl, in some office of influence upon him?

"We and all the hard hearted of the nation mourn for and with you. Your uncle Newton wrote me his condolement, which I daresay is sincere. All our salutations and prayers.

"Your loving father,

"J. Ellis."

The parentheses of the worthy old clergyman will raise a smile. His sorrow, we doubt not, was sincere, though he does seem to cast some little shadow of suspicion on Uncle Newton's sincerity. Alas for the shortsightedness of parents! Slow Will ended as Sir William; while Samuell, after a course of many difficulties, disappeared with no great credit at the Revolution.

It is literally true that "all the hard-hearted of the nation" mourned the death of the Earl of Ossory. This gallant nobleman, son of the Duke of Ormonde, was one of the most dashing officers of the day, and like many others of his time, Rupert and Blake among the number, was at once a colonel and an admiral, a soldier and a sailor, and equally

distinguished as either. He was cut off by fever; and in the words of Carte, the writer of the "Life of the Duke of Ormonde," "Never was any man's death more generally lamented; for he was universally esteemed, and generally beloved by all that knew him. The common people who adored him would not believe but he had foul play, though there were no grounds for that notion. His death was an irreparable loss to his family, and a very great one to the king, in a time when in all probability he should have most occasion for his service, his enemies being afraid of his popularity, and his friends having a confidence in his courage and integrity. He was for those reasons, in case an insurrection had been raised in England at this time (as was with great reason apprehended), more capable of serving his majesty than any man in the kingdom. His sentiments, in point of loyalty, were not unworthy his father's, ready at all times to sacrifice his all, and venture his person, in the service of the crown. He was indeed but too free in exposing his life upon every opportunity of signalising his courage. The Duke of Ormonde complained of that adventurous and (as he thought) romantic disposition, but it was too strong to be cured by any remonstrances. No man could engage in action with more resolution and intrepidity than the duke himself; but he was always thoughtful and considerate before he entered into danger. The Earl of Ossory, on the contrary, rushed into the greatest perils without considering at all, and seemed fond of danger, as if it was matter of pleasure and delight."

Let us now see how an undergraduate of the seventeenth century wrote to his father:—

"Trinity, Cambridge, Oct. 31, 1681.

"Honoured Sir,

"Least I should seem to be infected with that common and spreading contagion of inhumane disobedience and ingratitude towards my Parents, especially when I have so lately receiv'd, I hope, effectual antidotes against that as well as all other vices, though I have lett slipp some opportunities not through negligence but ignorance of y<sup>e</sup> time of sending, yet I layd hold on y<sup>e</sup> first known occasion in which I might manifest my duty, respects, and gratitude to you. I delivered your Discourse to my Tutor, (who is Bachelour of Divinity,) and he received it with much joy, saying he would performe your desire not onely in perusing it himself but recommending it to some other judicious man. I have not as yet heard his approbation of it; as soon as I do, I shall make you acquainted with it. I don't question but you may most justly admire to see some books in my Brother's bill; y<sup>e</sup> reason of it was this, I hap'nd on them in a strange bookseller's shop, so that I was fain to pay ready money, that of 18s. is Livy's works of Parisii's print in folio; I having many others judgments who esteemed it very much worth what I gave for it, and I shall endeavour to regaine y<sup>e</sup> price of it in y<sup>e</sup> Learning that I shall extract out on it. The others were Amama's grammer which you were pleased to recommend to me yourself, and Magixus his Physicks, books which I hope you will approve on; but I esteem no books so much as yours, no writing like those of yours, and though I am unhappily depriv'd of your discourse, out of which may be gathered variety of all sorts of learning, yet I should be exceedingly rejoiced at a letter from you, having tasted y<sup>e</sup> sweetness of former ones,

then which there is nothing I more desire, nothing I am, or ought to be, more ambitious of. In them I find all our authors, all y<sup>e</sup> Fathers, y<sup>e</sup> wisdom, I dare to say, (if any after him enjoy'd so much,) of Solomon, y<sup>e</sup> piety of David, learning in y<sup>e</sup> abstract, and in short, in them I have a compleat Library; in hopes of which and your favour, with my duty to your self and my Mother, my love and service to my brother and sister Jones and Margaret, I remaine

"Your dutifull Son,  
"Charles Ellis."

Did this wonderful panegyric touch the fond parent's heart? And did he in consequence overlook the affair of the extravagant bookseller's bill? Or were these soft words meant to smooth the way to the revelation of more fearful dissipation than the purchase of a Paris edition of Livy? These are questions which must remain unanswered, for Charles speaks no more. So we must fain accept the letter as a dutiful expression of filial affection—if we can.

Our next specimen is on the model of one of those polite espistles which, we hope, now exist only in some "Complete Letter-writer." We should be tempted to call a man who wanders in such a maze of metaphors, and who "kisses your hand with a letter," a downright prig. But in the old times people were more ceremonious; though this is an extreme instance.

"My Dear Coz,

"The reasons which doe att this time oblige me to take upon me y<sup>e</sup> humble boldnesse of kissing your hand with a letter are very considerable, and that upon these 2 scores, viz., upon y<sup>e</sup> account of civility, and promise. But notwithstanding, though it may perhaps be expected that I should once from under my own hand and seal condole your late deplorable affliction, yet your late conversation hath sufficiently taught me that yow are of your own accord too subject to mournings. Wherefore I would in no wise meddle with any periphrastical discourse upon so lamentable a subject. But (if possible) I would be seen rather to be an abater then an aggravator of your griefs. Wherefore I doe with all earnestnesse of a mind that is wholly devoted to yow, dear Madam, beseech you not to harbour that pernicious gladiator call'd Melancholy within your breast, least that he with sorrowfull remorses oppresse your sweet soule. But be sure to bury him, with all his mournfull companions, in water of oblivion. The which, when I shall heare that yow have done, my heart likewise, though as yet somewhat entangled, shall rejoice within me &c.

"I pray, Coz, be pleas'd to honour me so farr as to lett me heare from yow, that thereby I may be certiyed of your course and quality of your affaires, for y<sup>e</sup> prosperity wherof I your most humble votary shall ever pray. And yow may further assure your self that glad tydings from you will cherrish my heart exceedingly, and if I should receive sad tydings from you (which God forbid I should) I would willingly take share in your sorrow.

"I have made diligent enquiry for The Help to Devotion which you were pleas'd to speak to me about, but cannot yet meet with it. But yet I shall not cease to use all y<sup>e</sup> interest and means I can for y<sup>e</sup> procuring of it, if so be that it may be acquired by either love or money. Thus, humbly praying

that you would (whensoever occasion serves) make use of my faithfull endeavours, I shall study to expresse how ready I am to performe you any service that possibility shall enable me unto, and in y<sup>e</sup> interim take leave and rest, Dear Madam,

"Yours to love entirely, honour, and serve,  
Morgan Jones."

"Pembroke Coll.

"Jan. 14, 1683.

"My humble duty I pray you to give to my Ante Ellis, to whom with your selfe I ought in all reason to returne some gratefull resentment for not only my last, but also all other kind entertainments. I should have made bold to have kiss't her hand with a letter, had I not been somwhat indispos'd this day. My salutations to all.

M. J."

"To my much respected Coz.

M<sup>dm</sup>. Margaret Ellis

att Waddesdon

present these."

Our two last letters shall deal with affairs of the heart; the first from Charles Lyttelton to his friend, Christopher, afterwards Lord Hatton; the second, a good specimen of the *Familiar* Letter, from Sir Francis Godolphin, making a proposal of marriage for his son.

"Dearest Kytt,

"May 25, 1659.

"I cannot possibly describe to you the humour I am in at y<sup>e</sup> writing of this letter. You may easily guesse it when I shall but begin to tell you my Mrs. was married yesterday in y<sup>e</sup> afternoone to S<sup>r</sup> Thomas Rouse; I knowing nothing of it, and as little suspecting it, when I came into her chamber this morning and found him with her; and I am confident he that could have guessed it from what I knew of her intentions but y<sup>e</sup> night before, at eleven a clock, must pretend to have bine better skilld in her thoughts and disigns then she was herself. How it was discovered first to mee and my resentments is not for a letter discourse, when they are soe apt to miscarry, but in short, when she had told it mee after her sister, for I could not belevee her, I swore and stormed, &c. But, in fine, I chose another way, and instead of quarrelling at that any further which could not be helped, I bore it like a man, and put her againe into his armes with all y<sup>e</sup> expressions of joy that a friend could have done, and that with such an evenesse that I thinke I was no longer suspected for a rivall. I will not now tell you neither what crying there has bine both before and since the wedding, but I verily thinke there never was any like it. How unworthily her sisters have dealt with mee I am not able to tell you, and I have no mind they should for the present perceive what my opinion is. I saw my friend to-night who is gone to see them. To-morrow (it may be) I shall heare more, which you may have an account of in time. I would goe there myself, but that I have yet no clothes that I can weare.

Dearest Kytt,

Adieu."

"Madam,

"The fame of your person and fortune extending itselfe as far as the Mount, has raised a presumption in me to offer my son to be listed by your favour amongst the most devoted to honor and serve you, on whom at his returne out of Italie,

about two yeers since, his Ma<sup>ty</sup> was graciously pleased to confer the honour of Baronett. It will not become me to praise my son, but to praise God for his great blessing to me in him. I shall testifie my esteeme of your Ladyship and of him by the tender of putting into his hands, on his marriage, a thousand pound a yeer maintenance, and the same thousand pound a yeer for joynture, all let for 21 yeers to good tenants exactly for soe much. Your La<sup>y</sup> need not doubt that I will settle upon him and his heyres all my lands of inheritance, after my selfe, and mynies of tyn of greater yeerly value. If I may speake it without vanitie, I know noe yong man in England has more neer kindred and friends at Court; yet I must tell you he is noe Courtier; all the discouragement I can give your La<sup>y</sup> is that he is very modest. If your La<sup>y</sup> shall either doe me the honor of a line or any other way you please, by this bearer my trustie servant, signifie your favourable leave for my son to waite upon you, I will adde wings to his ambition, and in the meane time beg your pardon for this bold intrusion of,

"Madam,

"Your La<sup>y</sup> most humble servant,

"Fra. Godolphin."

The bashful son was Sir William, created a Baronet in 1661. The lady rejected him, and he seems to have retained his bashfulness through life, for he lived in retirement and died unmarried.

## SCHOOL-BOY TRAINING.

AT a recent conference of schoolmasters in Scotland, Professor Hodgson read a paper on behalf of Mr. William Ellis, of London, entitled "An Urgent Educational Want of our Times." The paper advocated that children should be accustomed to look forward at school to the kind of life they were likely to be called upon to discharge after leaving school, as it was undoubtedly the fact that the majority of those leaving school had not the slightest idea of what they would have to contend with. Professor Hodgson is an eminent, and notably a sensible man, and an ornament of the university of Edinburgh; but we differ very strongly from Mr. Ellis and Professor Hodgson on this special point. School-boys have cares enough, and work enough, without being taught "to look forward to the kind of life they are to lead." To gain vigour of mind and health of body; to have intellect and memory, invention and wit well-trained and exercised; above all to be imbued with generous spirit and sound principle; these are the objects to be sought in school-days, and these form the best preparation for every kind of after-life. The Poet and not the Professor gives us the true philosophy of school-boy training and school-boy life:—

Gay hope is theirs by fancy led,  
Less pleasing when possess'd;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast.  
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,  
Wild wit, invention ever new,  
And lively cheer, of vigour born,



The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
That fly the approach of morn.

There may be sore toils and hard lines in after-life for some, but foreknowledge of these would hinder rather than help preparation for them. To each his sufferings:—

Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,  
Since sorrow never comes too late,  
And happiness too swiftly flies!  
Thought would destroy their paradise;  
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.

## Varieties.

**HOLIDAYS.**—Holiday-making never appears to less advantage than in the production of made-holidays. Every one must sympathise with the desire to provide for the public enjoyment; but the mere fact of creating a blank day, and turning the population loose in streets where all shops are shut except those which supply intoxicating drinks, is not providing for the public enjoyment. The net result of bank holidays made by Act of Parliament is dispiriting, and provocative of nothing so much as an excess of drunkenness. No one who walked through the streets on Boxing-day, for example, can have been greatly surprised to find persons more or less inebriated plentiful in all districts. In a word, not only were the temptations to drink thrown into startling prominence by the melancholy aspect of the streets; there was really little else for the holiday-maker to do than drink and drown his sorrow. We do not complain of what has been done, but we think the legislature should go one step further, and, having enacted that the population shall not work, should provide some public entertainment by which the people may be able to play, or at least be kept out of mischief. It would be no great hardship if the troops located in the metropolises were called out to perform for the general amusement, if the military bands were allowed to play in the parks, and some serious attempt were made to get up an interesting and popular pageant or spectacle. In a word, these holidays should either be so arranged as to fall on days when there is something for the public to see and do, or special amusements should be provided. Dreariness, weariness, waste of money, waste of time, waste of health, are the conditions brought about by the so-called "holidays" made by the half-measure now in force. If London had been a city visited with the plague, or under the ban of the Church, it could scarcely have presented a more lugubrious spectacle to the average holiday-maker than was offered throughout the list of our made-holidays.—*The Lancet*.

**INDIAN PRINCES AND DYNASTIES.**—People in England have a sort of misty belief that the native princes and chiefs of modern India can trace back their lineage, if not their thrones, to a time when our Teuton forefathers were still roaming, as untutored savages, in their native woods. And yet, in the splendid array of rajahs and nawabs whom the coming of the Prince of Wales brought to Bombay, there was hardly one who could boast of so high and ancient a descent as the prince himself. With the exception, indeed, of Udaipur and a few other Rajput chiefs, we question if there was one whose princely rank dates further back than the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Most of them, at any rate, are sprung from men who carved out kingdoms, large or small, for themselves from the wrecks of the empire which Bâbar founded, and which began to break up even in the days of Aurangzib. Most of them, in short, represent dynasties at least as modern as the East India Company. The Nizam himself, had he appeared at Bombay, would have been a mere upstart beside the Prince of Wales, whose descent from our English Alfred places him almost on a level with the oldest princes of Rajputana. His ancestor, Chin Kilich Khân, the original Nizam-ul-Mulk, was the son of an officer in Aurangzib's service. The Rajah of Kolâpur dates back to Sivaji, the founder of the Marâtha power in the middle of the seventeenth century. The first Gaikwar of Baroda was a lieutenant of the Marâtha Peshwa in the eighteenth century.

Ali Murâd, the Amir of Khairpur in Sind, is a prince of a still younger line. The Nawab of Junagarh, in Katiawâr, represents a dynasty founded by a soldier of fortune in 1735. The Jam of Nawanagar comes of an old Rajput stock, but his sovereignty goes no further back than the time of Henry VIII. The Rajput Thakur of Bhanagar is younger in rank by two centuries. Nearly as modern is the Sidi Nawab of Jinjira, a descendant of the Abyssinian chiefs who served so faithfully the last Mohammedan kings of Bijâpur. The Rajah of Idar in Gujarat claims near kinship with Jodhpur, but dates politically from about 1724, when two younger sons of the Marwar prince took possession of the realm assigned them by their elder brother, then Viceroy of Gujarat. It was only in the sixteenth century that the first Rao of Cutch gained his footing in that province. Pahlapur was founded by an Afghan in the time of Akbar. The Nawab of Radhanpur dates from the seventeenth century. Akbar received tribute from the Hindu Rajah of Râjpipla. If we come to other princes who will meet their future king elsewhere, we shall find that most of them date their titles from quite modern times. Sindhia and Holkar are sprung from lieutenants of the Marâtha Peshwas. The Rajah of Patiala claims descent from a Jat chief who rose to power about two centuries ago. The reigning house in Kashmir belongs to the present century, and the nawabs of Rampur to the last. It was in the last century that the present kingdom of Travankor was founded. The older dynasty of Cochín was re-established with English aid after the downfall of Tippu Sultan, when Mysor also was restored to its former rulers. In point of long and proud descent few princes even in Rajputana can be said to surpass the Prince of Wales. The young Maharana of Mewar or Udaipur may, indeed, point to a lineage ennobled by great names, and clearly traceable to the warrior chiefs of Chitor. But Jaipur was founded in the tenth century, and Jodhpur in the fifteenth, while the smaller Rajput States and the Jat State of Bharatpur are of still later origin. In paying homage, therefore, to the Prince of Wales, the pride of few, if any, of the native princes can be in any way wounded, nor are they likely to forget that but for English forbearance few of them would retain the power they now enjoy.—*Allen's Indian Mail*.

**SANDWICH ISLANDS.**—A correspondent writes from these Islands of the present king:—"King Kalakua was born in Honolulu, 16th November, 1836. He is the eldest son of a chief, now dead, who descended from the ancient sovereigns of Hawaii. During the reigns of Kamehameha IV and Kamehameha VII, he was clerk in the Interior Department and Secretary of the Privy Council. He is a gentleman of fine address, speaking the English language with great purity, and reciting with much ease and accuracy. He is also well read in the current literature of the day. He is a popular sovereign, and made a most happy impression upon the American people during his recent visit to the United States to secure a treaty of reciprocity. The queen is a lady of great excellence, and much esteemed by all classes. They are as fond of each other as Prince Albert and Queen Victoria."

**DR. RAFFLES, OF LIVERPOOL.**—An American has written to a New York paper an account of his inspection of the literary relics of the late Dr. Raffles, now in possession of his son at Liverpool:—"The collection of autographs, mounted in quarto volumes, and filling an entire bookcase, was the great attraction. He had them arranged like a biographical encyclopedia in alphabetical order, and he had contrived to get, with almost every one, a portrait of the person whose autograph it was, with some brief account of his history, and a narrative of the manner in which he had come to possess the treasure. It was a rich treat to hear how he had rescued a whole pile of letters, by Andrew Fuller, relating to the early history of the Baptist Missionary Society, from the barrel in which a prosaic housewife had put them, and out of which she was taking them, by degrees, for the purpose of singeing fowls! And we could not help observing the mixture of delight and anxiety on his countenance as he submitted his trophies to the cautious handling of his friends. Now it was a marginal note written by John Bunyan on a book which he had been perusing; now it was a permit signed by Robert Burns when an exciseman in Dumfries, giving liberty to a certain individual at Springhill to have a cask containing nine gallons of rum; and now it was a letter of some eminent statesman, like Peel or Huskisson. But he had some special favourites which he kept for great occasions, and among these was a casket containing the autographs of some American patriots. He used to tell with great delight how an enthusiastic citizen of the United States had offered him his own price for them, that he might place them in some public institution, and how he had replied, 'No, sir, there is not money enough

anywhere to purchase these!" In this list, also, was the copy of the bill of the expenses for the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, at Fotheringhay Castle, with an order on the English Treasury for its payment, signed by Lord Burleigh. Dr. Rafles told how, going one day down Holborn Hill, London, and looking into an old book-store, he saw a paper with Cecil's autograph, and immediately purchased it for eighteenpence, when lo! he discovered it was this historical document. Only autograph hunters can understand the thrill of such a delight. This one he had put into a special morocco case, and handled with peculiar care. Perhaps, to ordinary visitors, the most interesting of all his relics was the original manuscript of Heber's beautiful hymn, beginning, 'From Greenland's icy mountains.' This the Doctor obtained from the file of a printer in the town of Wrexham, North Wales, where the poem had been originally printed; and concerning its composition he told the following story:—"Heber, rector of Hodnet, was married to the daughter of Dean Shipley, rector or vicar of Wrexham. On a certain Saturday he came to the house of his father-in-law to preach on the following day—the first sermon ever preached in Wrexham Church for the Church Missionary Society. As they sat conversing after dinner, the Dean said to Heber, "You are a poet; suppose you write a hymn for the service to-morrow morning." Immediately he took pen, ink, and paper, and wrote that hymn. He read it to his father-in-law, and said, "Will that do?" "Ay," he replied, "and we will have it printed and distributed in the pews, that the people may sing it after sermon." "But," said Heber, "to what tune will it go?" and then he added, "Oh, it will go to 'Twas when the winds were roaring,'" and so he wrote in the corner there at the top of the page, "'Twas when the winds were roaring.'" The hymn was printed accordingly, and from the file of the printer I obtained the manuscript. I have seen another version of the story, which states that it was on Whit-Sunday, 1819, and that it was for a sermon in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. But I cannot vouch for the truth of either statement. The only correction in the manuscript is in the line, "The heathen in his blindness," which he had written originally, "The savage in his blindness;" and below the poem is written in pencil, "A hymn to be sung in Wrexham Church, after the sermon, during the collection."

**DUDLEY AND WARD.**—When Mr. Ward became Viscount Dudley and Ward, and took possession of the family estates, he suffered as much embarrassment as his father from an overgrown fortune. He one day described this embarrassment to my uncle Archy in very graphic terms. "When I came to my estate," he said, "I resolved to spend my whole income within the year. With that view I purchased the estate of Ednam, in Scotland; I bought a library at Venice; I repaired my house in Park Lane, etc., etc.; but a rise unexpectedly took place in the price of iron, which brought me £10,000, and you know one can't always be prepared for such contingencies." When Lord Palmerston, in his autobiography, mentions as a notable instance of disinterested love of power that his friend Dudley would have gladly given £8,000 a year to remain in office, he evidently was not aware that to Dudley £8,000 a year was a mere trifle. One of Lord Dudley's eccentric habits was that of speaking to himself, or thinking aloud. Of this practice many amusing instances were related—perhaps occasionally invented—by his friends. Soon after he had succeeded to the title of Dudley and Ward a lady asked Lord Castlereagh how he accounted for the custom. "It is only Dudley speaking to Ward," was the ready answer to her inquiry. Lord Dudley was introduced at an evening party to Lady N., whom he was requested to hand down to supper. Her ladyship availed herself of the opportunity to present her two daughters, after which ceremony she overheard him, as they went downstairs, muttering to himself in his usual undertone, "The fair one is plain; the dark one is not amiss; but the fair one is exceedingly plain." "I am glad, my lord," says Lady N., with good-humoured readiness, "that at all events the dark one pleases you." A gentleman from Staffordshire prevailed on Lord Dudley to present him at Court. They got on very well as far as St. James's Street, where they were stopped nearly half an hour by the line of carriages. His lordship then forgot himself, and, after a long pause, began: "Now, this tiresome country squire will be expecting me to ask him to dinner. Shall I ask him, or shall I not? No, I think he would be a bore." The individual so unexpectedly blackballed was at first confounded, but, recollecting his companion's infirmity, commended in turn an audible soliloquy: "Now, this tiresome old peer will, of course, be asking me to

dine with him to-day. Shall I go, or shall I not go? No, I think it would be a bore." This impromptu was well taken, and the invitation was given in earnest and accepted. After sitting a long time with a lady to whom he was paying a morning visit, Lord Dudley exclaimed aloud, "I wonder when this tiresome woman will go away." At a dinner given by Lord Wilton, who had one of the best cooks in London, Lord Dudley tasted some dish of which he did not approve, and, forgetting where he was, began apologising to the company for the badness of the entertainment. "The fact is," said he, "that my head cook was taken ill, and some kitchen girl, I suppose, has been employed to dress the dinner." Lord Dudley, receiving a visit from the poet Rogers at Paris, proposed that they should go together to the Catacombs. It has often been remarked of Rogers that with his fine bald head, wrinkled skin, and sunken cheeks, he was more like a death's head than any man that was ever seen alive. Accordingly, when the poet had spent an hour or two in the abodes of mortality, and was about to make his exit, the keeper, startled at his death-like appearance, tried to stop him, crying out, "Hullo! Get you back! You have no right to come out!" Rogers afterwards complained to Lord Dudley that he had cruelly deserted him in this emergency. "My dear Rogers," replied the Earl, "I did not like to interfere, you looked so much at home."—"Old Times and Distant Places," by John Sinclair.

**BIG BEN "ALWAYS SLOW."**—From the annual report of the Astronomer-Royal to the Board of Visitors it appears that London has one very correct clock, since it is stated in this report that the error of the Westminster clock, from Greenwich time, was below one second on eighty-three per cent. days in the year. It is, however, by no means unusual to hear it asserted by the citizens around St. Paul's that Big Ben is always four or five seconds slow, and also to hear the same story repeated in other portions of the metropolis. Always slow Big Ben is said to be, and never by any chance fast. It is easy to account for this. Sound travels, in the air, at the rate of about 1,120 feet in one second of time; and therefore, to a listener standing in St. Paul's Churchyard, although the sound-wave may start from both clock-bells at the same instant, that from the nearer will reach him much sooner than the farther one, in proportion as he is nearer to the one than the other. Roughly speaking, five seconds should be allowed for every mile from the clock-tower, counting "as the crow flies." An ordinary map of London may be made useful for ascertaining what allowance should be made for any particular site, by taking with a pair of compasses one-fifth of a mile from the mile "scale," and with one leg placed on the tower, with the other describe a circle round it; all places on this line will get their time one second late. Now describe another circle with the same centre, and a radius equal to two-fifths of the "mile scale"; all on this line will get their time two seconds late; and so on for any number of circles that may be required. The times for places between the circles will of course be intermediate, nearer to one second or two seconds, as they are nearer to the one or the other of the circles. This would be correct if the tower had no great height, but we must not forget that the Westminster clock is 800 feet above the pavement, and that, even to any one at the base of it, the first stroke of the hour-bell (which is the time to be noted) would arrive three-tenths, or rather more than one quarter, of a second late; so that the first of the circles should be a little nearer to the tower. As the distance increases, the effect of the tower's height rapidly diminishes.—*Whitaker's Journal*.

**SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.**—Professor Tyndall has lately demonstrated that pure air or any mixture of gases, "if optically pure," will not produce living organisms; and decaying matter, which would, under ordinary circumstances, swarm with life if exposed to the atmosphere for a few days, will not furnish a single living specimen if the air in contact with it has been purified first of all from the mechanical particles floating about. According to Dr. Tyndall's latest experiments, air may be so purified by simply confining it in a closed chamber for a few days, when all the floating particles will have become deposited, in the same way as we might clear a turbid liquid by allowing it to stand. Unfortunately, in every-day life, we cannot do without turbid air, for were there no particles floating in the atmosphere we should have no light. These particles, Dr. Tyndall tells us, reflect and scatter the light; and, if not present, there would be little more than a faint blue haze around this globe. If we want optically pure air, which carries no germs or mechanical particles of any kind, and which cannot produce life therefore, then we get an atmosphere which has lost its power of scattering light also.